Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Trials of Wives and Mothers.

ssons from the Story of Mary and Martha-Annoyances of Home Life Are Steps to High Reward.

[Washington, Feb. 12. Copyright, 1899.] This discourse of Dr. Talmage seems to open all the doors of home life and rouses appreciation of work not ordinarily recognized; text, Luke 10:40: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me."

Yonder is a beautiful village home stead. The man of the house is dead and his widow has charge of the premises. It is Widow Martha, of Bethany, Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. It is Mary, the younger sister, with a book under her arm, and in ber face no sign of care or anxiety about anything. Company has come. Christ appearing at the outside of the door makes some excitement inside the door. The sister set back the disarranged arniture, arrange their hair and in a flash prepare to open the door. They do not keep Christ waiting outside until they have newly appareled themselves or elaborately arranged their tresses, and then with affected surprise come out and pretend not to have heard the two or three previous knockings say: "Why, is that you?" No, they were ladies and always presentable, although, perhaps, they had not on their best. None of us always have on our best. Otherwise very soon our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door and greet Christ. They say: "Good morning. Master. Come in and be seated.' Christ brought a company of friends with Him, and the influx of so many city visitors, you do not wonder, threw the country bome into some perturbation. I suppose the walk from the city had been a keen appetizer. The kitchen department that day was a very important department, and I think as soon as Martha had greeted her guests she went to that room. Mary had no anxiety about the dinner. She had full confidence that her sister Martha could get up the best dinner in Bethany, and she practically said: "Now, let us have a division of labor. Martha, you cook, and I'll sit down and learn." The same difference you now some-

times see between sisters. There is Martha, industrious, painstaking, a good manager, ever inventive of some new pastry, discovering something in household affairs. Here is Mary, fond of conversation, literary, so full of questions of ethics she has no time to discuss questions of household welfare. It is noon. Mary is in the parlor. Martha is in the kitchen. It would have been better for them to have divided the toil, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Christ. But Mary monopolizes Christ while Martha swelters before the fire. It was very important that they have a good dinner that day, for Christ was hungry. and He did not often have luxurious en tertainment. Alas, me! if all the responsibility of that entertainment bad rested with Mary, what a repast they would have had! But something went wrong in the kitchen. Either the fire would not burn, or the bread would not bake, or something was turned black that ought to have been only turned brown, or Martha scolded herself and. casion, with besweated brow she rushed out of the kitchen into the parlor, perhaps with tongs in one hand and "Lord, dost thou not care that my sistherefore that she help me." Christ able? scolded not a word. If it were scolding. I would rather have Him scold me than anybody else bless me. There was nothing acerb in the Saviour's reply. herself almost to death to get Him her kindness, and He practically said: couch beside your younger sister Mary. Let us talk about something else. Martha, Martha, thou art careful and thing is needful."

As Martha throws open the door I household anxieties, and about them Mary and Martha and Lazarus will help me by His grace.

As I look into that door, in the first place, I see the trial of nonappreciation. That was what made Martha so vexed at Mary. Mary, the younger sister, had no proper estimate of the elder sister's fatigue, just as now men having annoyances of store and factory and shop or at the stock exchange come home at night and hear of some household annoyance, and they say: "Oh. that's nothing! You ought to be in a factory a day and have ten or fifteen or twenty or one hundred subordinates. Then you would know something about annoyyou that a wife and a mother has to a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, and has to be health officer, police and president of the whole realm! She has to do a thousand things, and to do them well, in order to make things go smoothly, and that is what puts the awful tax on a woman's nerves and a woman's brain. I know there are exceptions to the rule. Somethe belated pillow, and all the cares of the household are thrown upon servexperience, but that is the except on. can take a woman happily through

keepers, to whom life is a struggle, and | gions amount to nothing. They do not who at 30 years of age look as though they were 40. The fallen at Chalons and Austerlitz and Gettysburg and Waterloo are a small number in comparison with those who have gone down under the Armageddon of the kitchen. Go out to the country and look over the epitaphs on the tombstones. They are all beautiful and poetic, but if the tombstones could tell the truth thousands of them would say: "Here lies a woman who was killed by too much mending and sewing and baking and scouring and scrubbing," and the weapon with which she was killed was a broom or a sewing machine or a ladle.

The bousewife rises in the morning half rested. At an irrevocable hour she must have the morning repast ready. What if the fire will not burn? What if the clock stop? What if the marketing has not been sent in? No matter that; it must be ready at the irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got ready for school. But what if the garments be torn? What if they do not know their lessons? What if the hat or sash is lost? They must be ready. Then you have the duty of the day or perhaps several days to plan out. But what if the butcher sends meat unmasticable? What if the grocer furnishes you articles of food adulterated? What if the piece of silver be lost, or a favorite chalice be broken or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur? No matter. Everything must be ready. The spring is coming, and there must be revolution in the family wardrobe, or the autumn is at hand, and you must shut out the northern blast. But how if the moth has preceded you to the chest? How if the garments of the last year do not fit the children now? What if all the fashions have changed? The house must be an extemporized

apothecary's shop or dispensary. There must be relief for all styles of ailments -something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the inflammation, something to silence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. O man of business, if you had as many cares as that you would be a fit candidate for an insane asylum! If Martha make under such circumstances an impatient rush on the library or the drawingroom, be patient, be lenient. Oh, my sister, though my words may not arouse in many souls any appreciation of your toil, let me assure you from the kindliness with which Jesus Christ met Martha that he appreciates all your trials from garret to cellar, and the God of Deborah and Miriam and Abigail is the God of the housekeepers! Christ never married, that He might be the especial friend and confidant of a whole world of troubled womanhood. I blundered. Christ was married. The Bible says the church is "the Bride, the Lamb's wife," and that makes me know that a woman has a right to go to Christ with all her annoyances and perplexities and fatigues, for by his oath of conjugal fidelity He hath sworn to sympathize. George Herbert put the thought in three or four verses, quaint | judgment right their wrongs. "Oh." and peculiar, but strong, and in one verse saying:

Thy servant by this clause makes drudgery divine; Who sweeps a room as for thy laws makes

this and the action fine. A young woman of brilliant education and prosperous surroundings was called downstairs to help in the absence of the servant, and there was a ring at the bell, and she went to the door, and an admirer entered. He said: "I thought I heard music in the house. Was it on the piano or the harp?" She forgetting all the proprieties of the oc- said: "Neither; it was a frying pan accompaniment to a gridiron! In other words, I was called downstairs to help. I suppose some time I shall pitcher in the other, and she cried out: have to learn, and I have begun now." When will the world learn that every ter has left me to serve alone? Bid her kind of work that is right is honor-But, oh, the joy for the weary feet

when they step into the celestial equipage, and, oh, the joy of those to whom home was a martyrdom on earth when He knew that Martha had been working | they go into that home where they will never have to do anything that they do something to eat, and he appreciated not want to do! What a change from the time she put down the rolling pin-"My dear woman, do not worry. Let to the time she took up the scepter! the dinner go. Sit down here on this If Chatsworth park and the Vanderbilt mansion were lifted into the Celestial City, they would be looked at as uninhabitable rookeries, and Lazarus himtroubled about many things, but one | self would be ashamed to be seen going in or out of them, so great are the palaces awaiting all God's dear children, he did not wish to remove his coat and look in to-day, and I see a great many and so much grander the Heavenly as they saw the shoulder blades almost architecture than the earthly. It is I am going to speak of the Lord of | often not only the toil of the housekeeping, but it is the sickness and the sorrow that go along. It is a simple fact that one-half of the women of the land are invalids. The mountain lass it; whip me!" "Oh." said the teacher. who has never had an ache nor a pain may consider household work of no very great weariness, and at the eventide may skip out to the fields and drive the cattle home, and until ten o'clock at night may fill the cabin with laughing racket, but, oh, to do the hard work of the household with a shattered constitution-after six weeks' whooping cough has raged in the household, making the nights as sleepless as the days, then it is not so easy. And then ance and trouble." Oh, man, let me tell | this work of the house has often to be undertaken when the nerves are shatconduct at the same time a university, | tered with some bereavement that has put desolation in every room of the house and sent the crib into the garret because its occupant has been hushed into a slumber that needs no mother's lullaby. Oh, it was a great deal easier for her to brood the whole flock than to brood a part of them, now that the rest have gone! You may tell her that her departed children are in the bosom times you will find a woman who can of a loving God, but motherlike, she sit down in the armchair of the library will brood both flocks, putting one all day without any anxiety, or tarry on | wing of care over the flock in the house, putting the other wing of care over the flock in the grave. Nothing but the ants who have large wages and great old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ

help. They do not comfort when there is a dead babe in the house. Away with them and give us the old-fashloned religion of Jesus Christ, that has comforted so many in the days of sorrow and trouble!

Romance and novelty may for a little while seem to be a substitute. The marriage day has only gone by, just gone by, and all household cares are atoned for by the joy of being together and by the fact that when it is late at night it is not necessary to discuss whether it is time to go. All the mishaps of the newly-married couple in the way of household affairs are not matters of anxiety or reprehension, but merriment. The losf of bread turned into a geological specimen, the slushy custard and juundiced and measly biseuits! Oh. it is a very bright sunlight that falls upon the cutlery and mantel ornaments of a new home! Romance and novelty will do for a little while, but after awhile the romance is all gone, and there is a loaf to be made, a loaf that cannot be sweetened by any earthly condiments, and cannot be flavored with any earthly flavors, and cannot be baked in any ordinary oven. It is the loaf of domestic happiness. All the ingredients from Heaven. I suit from the tree of life and sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom and baked in the oven of home trial. God only can make that loaf. You can cut it, but it takes God to make it. Solomon wrote out of his own misera-

ble experience-he had a wretched home; no man can be happy with two wives, much less with 700, and out of his wretched experience he wrote: "Better is a dipper of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Oh, the responsibilities of housekeepers! Kings by their indigestion have lost empires, and generals through indigestion have lost battles. One of the great statisticians says that out of 1,000 unmarried men 30 were criminals, and out of 1.000 married men only 18 were criminals, showing the power of home. And, oh, the responsibility resting upon housekeepers! By the food they provide, by the couch they spread, by the books they intro-duce, by the influence they bring around the home, they are helping to decide the physical, the intellectual, the moral, the eternal, welfare of the human race. Oh, the responsibility!

That woman sits in the house of God to-day perhaps entirely unappreciated. She is the banker of her home, the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk, and ever and anon there is a panic. God knows the anxieties and the care, and He knows that this is not a useless sermon, but that there are multitudes of hearts waiting for the distillation of the Divine mercy and solace in their hour of trials and their home duties and their own fatigues. The world hears nothing about them. They never speak about them. You could not with the agonies of an inquisition bring the truth out of them. They keep it still. They say nothing. They endure and will until God and the living. That has been the life of Florence Nightingale; that was the life of Edward Payson; that was the life of the Lord Jesus Christ; that is the life of every man or woman that is happya life of self-sacrifice. Those people living for themselves-are they happy? Find me one. I will give you all the nations of the earth to find me one. Not happy-no, not happy. It is the selfsacrificing people that are happy, for God pays so largely, so gloriously, so magnificiently, in the deep and eternal satisfactions of the soul. Self-sacrifice! We all admire it in others. How little we exercise of it! How much would we endure-how much would we risk-for others?

A very rough schoolmaster had a poor lad that had offended the laws of the school, and he ordered him to come up. "Now," he said, "you take off your coat instantly and receive this whip!" The boy declined, and more vehemently the teacher said: "I tell you, now, take off your coat-take it off instantly!" The boy again declined. It was not because he was afraid of the lash-he was used to that in his cruel home-but it was for shame. He had no undergarments, and when at last he removed his coat there went up a sob of emotion all through the school as they saw why cutting through the skin. As the schoolmaster lifted his whip to strike a resolute, healthy boy leaped up and said: "Stop, schoolmaster; whip me! "it's going to be a very severe scourging! But if you want to take the position of a substitute you can do it." The boy said: "I don't care. Whip me. I'll take it. He's only a poor chap. Don't you see the bones almost come through the flesh? Whip me." And when the blows came down on the boy's shoulders this healthy, robust lad made no outcry. He endured it all uncomplainingly. We all say "Bravo!" for that lad. Bravo! That is the spirit of Christ! Splendid! How much scourging, how much chastisement, how much anguish. will you and I take for others? Oh, that we might have something of that boy's spirit! Aye, that we might have something of the spirit of Jesus Christ, for in all our ocupations and trades and businesses, and all our life, home life, foreign life, we are to remember that the sacrifice for others will soon be over.

Why He Was Rejected.

Young Poet-Why do you refuse me for a son-in-law? Is it because I lack

Paterfamilias (old journalistic band) -Oh, no; it is simply on account of lack of space. We are really crowded I speak of the great masses of house- home trials. All these modern reli- for room here now.- Tit-Bits.

Probably the oldest living bicyclist is a woman in County Essex, England, aged 23, who is an adept rider and whose sprightliness is astonishing. Most people could enjoy bealth until very old age if they took proper precautions to prevent diseases of the digestive organs by taking an occasional dose of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Even after dyspensis, indigestion, bilitary peeps and constitution. pepsia, indigestion, biliousness and consti-pation have secured a foothold and become chronic, the Bitters will afford speedy relief.

How natural it is for most of us to think that other folks are liars. Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Pretty Underwear. The variety of pretty silk and woolen un-derwear to be had at such reasonable prices, derwear to be had at such reasonable prices, is very tempting to dainty women, yet many refrain from purchasing such on account of their liability to injure in laundrying. If the work is properly done, this trouble may be avoided. When ready to begin fill a tub half full of warm water, in which dissolve a fourth of a bar of Ivory Soap, and wash the articles through it with the hands, rinse in warm water, and souscers but do not wring. warm water, and squeeze, but do not wring. Hang on the line and press while still damp. ELIZA R. PARKER.

Covetousness turns a man out of the warmth of his own house to stand shivering on his neighbor's doorstep.-Ram's Horn.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O: Ask your grover to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drinkthat takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is nade from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 14 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25 etc. per package. Sold by all grocers.

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"I am told that he is her fifth husband." "Say, it must be awful to a man to feel that his wife looks on him as a mere habit."— Indianapolis Journal.

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The automatic weighing machine gives pounds in return for pennies.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

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A man is mad when he oversleeps and mad when an alarm clock wakes him up on time.—Atchison Globe.

For Whooping Cough Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. Dieter, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

It is not the carpenter with the most tools who is the finest workman.-Washing-ton (Ia.) Democrat.

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> edge of its victim. It has become so common to say, "Every-

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HEALTHY MATERNITY.

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